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THE ACADEMY,
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JAMES LANE ALLEN



THE ACADEMY

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Morning Post*, a journal which is infected with the mania of suffragitis, commenting on the unseemly action of a band of female Suffragists in attending a service at Westminster Abbey, wearing distinctive badges and tri-coloured sashes, says: "Of course, there was no attempt at anything in the nature of a demonstration either before or after the service. The idea of first meeting in Dean's Yard and then proceeding to the Abbey in a body had been abandoned." We should imagine that for a body of female agitators to go *en masse* to a place of Divine worship for the avowed and previously advertised purpose of offering up prayers for Woman's Suffrage, is something so near to a "demonstration" that it would be hard to say wherein it differs from one. Apart from that, the *Morning Post* very disingenuously suppresses the fact that the intention to meet in Dean's Yard and proceed in a body to the Abbey was only abandoned because the authorities put a stop to it, and ordered the gates to be closed, with a view of preventing what would have been a most indecent attempt to demonstrate in the precincts of the Abbey. It seems to us a thousand pities that the Dean of Westminster, who was conducting the service, did not take the opportunity of reading the ladies a few selections from the Epistles of St. Paul to the Ephesians, to the Corinthians, to Timothy, and to Titus, and the First Epistle of St. Peter, which would no doubt have done them a lot of good. Women who are so imprudent as to try and drag religion into the question of Woman's Suffrage would do well to remember that in the Scriptures their position with regard to men is over and over again insisted on in the clearest and most unmistakable manner. Obeying the injunction "to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands," will not fit in very readily with the methods of female Suffragists, even if they choose to call themselves "constitutional." We should like to hear the opinion of the gentle married Suffragists on the 22nd and 23rd verses of the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians:

Wives submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord.

For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church.

It would be interesting to hear the comments of, say, Lady Grove on the texts we have quoted.

Here is another example of female suffragist reasoning, taken from that fearful and wonderful publication, *The Englishwoman*. Under the title "Bow and Spear," the writer quotes from the *National Review* a few sentences from articles written in that magazine against woman suffrage. In each case a "telling" reply is provided by the writer of the article. Here is an example. Says the *National Review*: "What is demanded of us is that we should hand over the helm of the Empire to women, for that will be the inevitable result if the present agitation succeeds." And the lady of the bow and spear replies, "What is demanded is that women should have a voice in choosing those to whom the helm of the Empire is handed over. As in the nature of things there can never be one policy supported entirely by men and another entirely by women, the helm of the Empire is likely to remain pretty much where it is at present—namely, at the disposal of the majority." Now, although there is nothing whatever in "the nature of things" to prevent the possibility of all men being in favour of one policy and all women in favour of another, we can admit that the contingency is an improbable one. But granting votes for women there is nothing in the world to prevent an overwhelming majority of women together with a small minority of men over-riding the policy of an overwhelming majority of men and a small minority of women. Suppose a State consisting of ten thousand adult persons, of whom 5,500 are women and 4,500 are men. The State goes to war and suffers heavy losses. Some "humanitarian" or other crank gets up the cry of "Stop the war," which was raised at the time of the Boer conflict, an election takes place on the issue. Obviously if 5,000 out of all the women and 100 out of all the men support the "stop the war" party they will be able to outvote the 4,400 men and the remaining 500 women by 200 votes. There is nothing far-fetched or improbable in these figures, and it is quite conceivable that if the women of England, who outnumber the men by about three millions, had been provided with votes at the time of the Boer war, the war might actually have been stopped in face of the protests of nine-tenths of the men and a minority of the women. It is quite obvious that men who have any manhood or self-respect will never consent to put themselves into a position which is fraught with such odious and shameful possibilities. That is why the suffrage will never be given to women until the manhood of the country has decayed and the break-up of the Empire and the decline of the glory of England is in sight. And, thank Heaven, we are still a long way from that.

That distinguished literary critic, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, in the current issue of his journal, devotes a paragraph to a defence of the phraseology of a letter beginning in the following manner:

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 23rd inst."

Mr. Bottomley is no doubt in the habit of making use of this slipshod, ugly, and vulgar kind of English, but it will require something stronger than his authority to commend it to those who do not care to model their epistolatory style on that of the shop-walker. In the same paragraph Mr. Bottomley quotes, with a view of holding it up as an example of bad grammar, a sentence from THE ACADEMY of February 6th. The sentence in question is perfectly good English, and in his endeavours to place it in the pillory, Mr. Bottomley is merely demonstrating to the world at large his own bumptious ignorance. In another part of his precious paper, under the heading of "Prisoners at the Bar," we find some of the most impudent and scandalous remarks we have ever read addressed to a gallant,

universally loved, and respected soldier—Lord Roberts of Kandahar to wit. We quote:

A DANGEROUS DOLT.

I have no doubt you are, in private life, a very pious and estimable old man. I can picture you spelling out your family prayers with extreme unction for the benefit of your men-servants and maid-servants, having happily put away from your mind all the devastation of your armies, all the brave warriors whom you have hurried unprepared to the presence of their Maker. I can see you doing out jam and judicious advice to young sycophants with all the platitudinous emphasis of the Lord Avebury, or stuttering copy-book maxims in praise of obvious virtues. I can then concede to you the usefulness of the bore, who, as Talleyrand or somebody said, affords repose to the mind. But when you embark upon subjects which really matter, you become as great a menace to society as the Nihilist, or the Anarchist, or the Apache. Nay, you are an even greater menace, for your wooden, unimaginative mind appeals to all the stupid ones who form the great majority in every land.

The author of this farrago of insolent and libellous rubbish is none other than our old friend the rejected of Deptford and Constantinople, Herbert Vivian. It is not likely that Lord Roberts is in the habit of reading *John Bull*; still less is it likely that he would consider it consonant with his dignity to take notice of an attack in such a paper, made by such a person as Vivian. But this feeling may perhaps not be shared by other soldiers of less exalted position, and Mr. Vivian may count himself lucky that horsewhipping, as a punishment for the fouler kind of journalistic scurrility, has gone out of fashion. Severe criticism of a public man's public actions may be excused, but wholesale vilification of an honourable gentleman because of his piety and his performance of his duty as a soldier is currish. Before Mr. Vivian babbles further about "Prisoners at the Bar," it may be well for him to remember that there is such a thing as criminal libel. It is Mr. Vivian, and not Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., etc., who is the dangerous dolt.

The *Cambridge Review* professes to be amused because THE ACADEMY recently expressed the opinion that the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to resign his post. There used to be an old-fashioned idea that the leader or representative of a large body of people is under a moral obligation to resign his post when it is clearly demonstrated that his views are in direct and violent opposition to those of the vast majority of the persons he is supposed to represent. We are not surprised that this idea does not commend itself to the *Cambridge Review*, because we have recently been treated to a very pretty object lesson as to the views of honesty and honour which are apparently current in Cambridge at the moment. Somewhere about May of last year the Editor of this paper received a letter from an undergraduate friend at Cambridge, asking him if he would be kind enough to write an article for publication in an undergraduate journal, *The Granta*, in its special May-week number. The Editor of THE ACADEMY replied that he was overwhelmed with work, but that if he could possibly find time he would write an article. Subsequently he wrote to say that he found it would be impossible for him to manage it, whereupon he received a letter from the Editor of *The Granta* expressing great disappointment, informing him that his article had been counted on as the principal feature of the number, and imploring him to reconsider his decision.

In face of this appeal, the Editor of THE ACADEMY did reconsider his decision, and with what, in view of subsequent events, can only be described as misplaced good nature, he managed to find time at a moment when

he was over head and ears in work to write an article for *The Granta*. This article he sent to the Editor of *The Granta*, and it was, of course, a gratuitous contribution. The Editor of *The Granta* omitted to write and thank him or to send him a proof, but the article duly appeared, and there one would have thought the matter might have been allowed to rest. However, the charming young gentleman who edits *The Granta* did not take this view, for in a subsequent number of his paper he came out with a violent attack on the Editor of THE ACADEMY under the heading "Celebrities I have never met and yet am happy (*sic*), No. I. Lord Alfred Douglas," taking as the basis of the attack the very article which he had begged from the Editor of THE ACADEMY. The fact that the "attack" itself was innocuous inasmuch as it possessed no power to damage or even annoy its object does not affect the case in its application to the Editor of *The Granta*. The wish to wound was there if not the ability. We made no direct reference to the matter at the time in these columns, and it is only the later comments of the *Cambridge Review* which have brought it back to our minds and caused us to reflect that those of the undergraduates at Cambridge who are engaged in journalism are in sad need of a little fatherly admonition.

We ourselves in our hot youth at Oxford edited a paper called *The Spirit Lamp*, which is not altogether unknown to fame. We should not like to affirm that its editorial utterances were always characterised by the highest wisdom, but, at any rate, we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that we did not think it "smart" to invite the editors of London literary papers to write articles for us and then to use these articles as a basis for making impudent and spiteful attacks on them. We should have considered then as we consider now: that a young man who is capable of so repaying the kindness of a man whose sole wish had been to oblige and help him, was writing himself down an ill-conditioned young whelp, who had been insufficiently kicked at school. We make no claim that the article we contributed to *The Granta* was anything wonderful in the way of articles; quite possibly it was a very bad one, and quite possibly the editor of *The Granta* did not like it; if so, he was under no obligation to print it. But once having done so, the slightest reference to the laws of good taste or good manners or ordinary decency would have prevented him from using it as a basis for attacking its writer. We do not remember the name of the promising young gentleman who is responsible for introducing into the conduct of *The Granta* methods which would be considered unworthy of even the lowest gutter rags in London, but we shall take the liberty of advising him to be convinced that there is nothing "smart" or "clever" in such dirty schoolboy tricks, and that those who resort to them will get nothing in return but the contempt of decent people. We do not for a moment suppose that the manners and morals of the Editor of *The Granta* are in the slightest degree representative of the manners and morals of the average Cambridge undergraduate, but that is all the more reason for putting them in the pillory.

The concert given at the Aeolian Hall by Miss Hélène Dolmetsch and Miss Dorothy Moggridge was very successful and enjoyable as far as the performances of these two ladies on the viola da gamba and the harpsichord was concerned. Bach's beautiful Sonata No. 1 in G major, which we have never heard before, was rendered in a masterly way, and as for the viola da gamba solo, "Divisions on a ground in D major," by Christopher Sympson, whose date is somewhere about 1650, it is quite one of the most beautiful

compositions we have ever listened to; it was admirably performed by Miss Dolmetsch, as was the difficult Prelude Sarabande and Gigue, for 'cello solo, by Bach. When, however, we come to the vocal part of the concert there is a different story to tell. Mr. G. Everard Healy has a fair baritone voice, but anything less effective than his singing of Purcell's "I attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly" it would be impossible to conceive. In the first place he took it much too slow, and then his dramatic style of singing is utterly unsuited to the old composers. He positively murdered Handel's enchanting "Droop not, Young Lover," by the exercise of the same unfortunate dramatic faculty. As he rendered it the song became a sort of argument. In the phrase "Grief is but *madness*" he did not sing the word italicised, but said it, after the manner of the music-hall comedian. He was much more successful in the modern song by Tchaikovsky, and the two arrangements of Hungarian melodies by F. Korbay. But, for our part, we resent the introduction of modern music into a concert arranged by Miss Dolmetsch. We go to such concerts to try and remember what pure music was like before Wagner had debauched it and the public taste. Nine out of ten confirmed "Wagnerites" are utterly incapable of appreciating pure classical music. As a rule, they profess to admire Bach, and they sometimes condescendingly admit that Wagner himself "approved of" Mozart, but of Handel they nearly always speak with contempt, being apparently quite unaware that Handel, equally with Mozart and Bach, could, and did, simply "write the head off" the great charlatan of their admiration, whenever he put pen to a score.

We have been reading "Tono-Bungay," with which excellent novel (the author is Mr. H. G. Wells, and we still say "excellent") we shall deal at length in a subsequent issue. On certain pages of the book there is frequent mention of "Lady Grove." And we desire at the moment to inform the polite world that Mr. Wells's Lady Grove is a house, and not the Lady Grove whose peculiar views about women have made her name revered wherever the English language is spoken. If our memory serves us, Lady Grove has prophesied that the women of the future will be imposing of stature—eight feet at a moderate computation. And doubtless it is with an eye to this development and to other Suffragist portents that the little boys in the street are now singing a new version of an old song, which commences "Father's pants fit mother now."

We have had occasion to visit the Garden City at Letchworth, a Socialist centre, which, we understand, blossoms like the rose—in summer. On the occasion of our call, however, it did not blossom in the least; rather the contrary. One of the first things that met our eye after leaving the railway station was the following choice poster:

GARDEN CITY CO-OPERATORS, LTD.
(Educational Committee.)
Saturday next,
at the
Co-operative Hall,
A
SOCIAL
will be held.
MUSIC AND DANCING FREE.

"Music and Dancing!" It is a dreary way to spell music, but if the Socialists will have it so, far be it from us to complain. For ourselves, we should not call Letchworth a garden city, but a good-sized and fairly remote building-plot. It has its advantages, such as an abundant supply of ginger-beer, and an establishment for the sale of monkey-nuts. But "Music" on a poster!

TO SESTIUS.

DOWN the dry sands they draw the ship with cables;
The orchards gather bloom; no rime-frost white
Is iris'd in the fields in morning light;
The oxen and their herd have left the stables,
All is renewed; but Death, the Shades and Fables
Impend. On thee, the hour will come, I know,
Where in the banquet, never lucky throw
Will crown thee with the kingdom of the tables.
Brief is our time, O Sestius; take and seize
Its blossom, ere old age has mined our knees.
No spring-tide stirs the shadowy waste below.
Ah, come then, sacrifice, while brakes are green,
To Faunus, in his fastnesses unseen,
A black-haired goat, a lamb with fleece of snow.

M. JOURDAIN.

ASQUITH AND ANARCHY

THE KING opened Parliament in person on Tuesday. There was a pageant, of course, and we are told that "inside the Gilded Chamber a brilliant picture slowly took shape, full of life, colour, animation and graceful dignity." In other words, the customary ceremonies were duly observed. His Majesty read a speech which had been prepared for him by the Cabinet. Mr. Asquith himself was there to hear it read. We have heard of tame Speeches from the Throne, and some of them have been very tame indeed, but surely milder and less revolutionary utterances were never put into the mouth of Monarch than those with which His Majesty regaled us on Tuesday. The Prime Minister and his "laughable combination" are becoming a trifle wary in their old age. They came into power on claptrap and with a sharp eye to filibustering. Session by session they have striven manfully to prove to an astounded world that it is possible to run a Government on this same claptrap and with this same keen eye to filibustering. And at long and last (which is a Scots phrase, Mr. Asquith) they find themselves in the inevitable muddles, and they proceed accordingly to sing very small indeed. With the cringing sycophancy characteristic of his class, one of the Labour members stated in the House of Commons on Wednesday that Mr. Asquith had never broken a promise. In a sense, this may well be true. One can never be sure which of his promises Mr. Asquith intends to break until one nails him down to considerations of time. For example, Mr. Asquith promised the teetotalers and the Nonconformists a Licensing Bill. He staked his political reputation on the passing of such a Bill through the House of Commons. And when the Lords rejected it, sad, fearsome and bloody things were to happen to the Lords. Mr. Asquith kept his promise to the extent of forcing through the Commons a Licensing Bill which might very well have been conceived in Colney Hatch. That Bill cost the country hundreds of thousands of pounds, and it has done nobody a haporth of good—not even Mr. Asquith and his engaging filibusterers. The Lords exterminated it in due course, and Mr. Asquith has promised, and Mr. Birrell and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have promised for him, that he would deal faithfully with the Lords. Up and down the country, like so many roaring showmen, we have had Birrell and George and Churchill. Each of them has stood

in front of his rickety booth and vaingloriously tossed to the flare of the naphtha the gleaming scimitar with which the Government were to slosh off the heads of the unfortunate gentlemen who wear coronets. On two or three occasions Mr. Showman Birrell went the length even of quaffing a metaphorical bumper of anticipatory blue blood, and, what is more, he smacked his lips over it, as a judge of such beverages would. But on Tuesday, if you please, as sleek and unobtrusive and glossy as a well-fed mouser, Mr. Asquith stood in the Gilded Chamber what time His Majesty waded through a speech of the Cabinet's "own composure," which did not contain a single word that could ruffle the bosom of the most susceptible peer of them all. Not even the merest whimper against the Lords is to be found in that complacent document, the King's Speech. And as for bloodshed—not a whisper! Mr. Asquith, of course, is not breaking his promise herein, because Mr. Asquith never breaks promises. It is a question of time entirely. In the next King's Speech the Lords will hear their doom, or in the next one after that, or still the next one—provided, that is to say, that Mr. Asquith and his roost-robbers happen still to be in power. And, of course, if they go out of power Mr. Asquith will have broken no promises and buttered no parsnips. All he requires is time. In point of fact, Mr. Asquith simply dare not begin to tamper with his masters. We use the word masters advisedly and in full view of its bearing on the present political situation. The Lords have already taught England's teetotal, socialistic, wild-cat Premier his lesson, and, being a pawky lawyer and a friend and patron of pawky lawyers, he recognises that the time has come for his precious Government to learn "to behave." And it has behaved in the King's Speech with a meekness and a docility which would do credit to a thoroughly slapped schoolgirl. Ultimately all Governments in England have to deal with the country. It is all very well for them to cringe to threatening and noisy sections of the enfranchised. Such cringing may waft you into power, but it cannot keep you there; the final reference is to common sense, and in England when we cannot get commonsense out of the Commons we turn to the Lords for it and never fail to find it. Mr. Asquith knows this, and latterly he has become quite sure of it. His dreams of rebellion, his challenges, his cockcrows, his threats, his knife sharpenings, his demands for pannikins for the reception of blood amount to nothing and can never amount to more. Because he has pandered to the whims and fads and petty madnesses of the sections all of those sections are at the moment mightily puffed up and swollen in their own conceit. The teetotalers, for example, in spite of their recent reverses, still go about thanking God for a Temperance England and a Temperance Premier; the bedraggled ranks of labour are equally thanking high Heaven for Mr. Asquith, and putting on airs and frills in the idiotic belief that Labour, as represented by such marabouts as Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. Keir Hardie and our beloved working-man Cabinet Minister, Mr. John Burns, is intended to rule the earth, and the Socialists, while they pretend to loathe him, hold secret services of thanksgiving for him, and are uplifted and considered and taken notice of simply because he happens to be Prime Minister of England. And having directly or indirectly blessed, edified and enlarged these factions, Mr. Asquith naturally engages the sweet attention of the Suffragists. For these ladies Mr. Asquith professes that he will do nothing. Really, he has done everything for them that is possible in mortal Premier; for he has taken them quite seriously, and he has put into their mouths the finest of all political arguments. "Here you are," they cry; "you have sops for the Teetotalers, and for Labour and for the Socialists. We also are mad, and yet

you will have none of us. Shame, shame; also, deeds not words!" And Mr. Asquith writhes in his seat accordingly. Until yesterday Mr. Asquith made it his vaunt that he had a mandate from the country. To him the country means neither more nor less than the quarter from which comes the most noise. At the present moment London is being perambulated by solemn troops and sweet societies of unfortunate and unthinking persons, who carry banners, whereon are depicted gory scenes from the French Revolution, and who cry hoarsely and beerily every few seconds: "We—want—work." These gentlemen "demonstrate" in Berkeley Square; they break a jeweller's window or so in Bond Street; they rush their own food van on the Embankment. "Here," muses Mr. Asquith, "you have the country." And he sits for hours prompting Mr. John Burns, while the said John Burns is informing the Commons that the grave problem of unemployment must be tackled, and that the Government has tackled it, and will be sure to please everybody—in the course of time. A little while ago it was the teetotalers who were the country. And quite shortly it will be the Socialists, and perhaps even the Suffragists. For to Mr. Asquith the country is a kaleidoscopic chameleon which perpetually belches forth bellowings and which is to be prevented from swallowing and destroying him only by steady gifts of bits of sugar. On the other hand, the House of Lords knows better. That—to quote the prevailing drawing-room morceau—is the diff—diff—difference. In the meantime, let Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George and the rest of them—not forgetting the egregious Mr. Birrell—be profoundly grateful to Providence for the House of Lords, which has been for them, as it has been for previous, if less fantastic, muddlers, as the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land. Let them, while political life still remains in them, go softly about their peddling and their tinkering and their pension-earning in the certain hope that nothing very serious will be allowed to happen to England while the abhorred Gilded Chamber manages to eke out a threadbare existence. And let them be sure that when their pensions have been earned and the wildest and fearsomest and stupidest of their proposals have been buried and forgotten the House of Lords will still remain pretty well what it has always contrived to be—namely, an embodiment of the soundness and ultimate sanity of a great and ultimately sane and sound nation.

ACCENT AND QUANTITY

No one has done more on behalf of what he calls "quantitive" verse (the more usual term is "quantitative") than Mr. Robert Bridges; and his latest venture is not his least remarkable. In the *New Quarterly Magazine* for last month he translates into English hexameters several hundred lines from the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*, and prefaces these with some interesting remarks on Virgilian rhythms, which—developing ideas put forward by Spedding and others—he claims were conditioned by stress-accent as well as by quantity. With this contention as it affects Virgil himself (happily the name is so spelled by Mr. Bridges), and with the deductions made therefrom as to metrical caesura and other matters, no attempt will be here made to deal. But comparisons are also drawn between prosodic effects in Latin and in English. Identity of rule is by no means asserted; variations due to incidence of accent and the like are recognised and insisted on. Throughout, however, it is assumed that no fundamental difference in method exists between our speech and that of ancient Rome, that quantity and stress-accent mean to us just what they meant to Virgil

and his readers. Because *ruit oceano nox* can end a Latin hexameter, it is inferred that "their unmerited lot" must form a suitable ending for a line of correspondent metre in English. This assumption is so startling, and carries with it such far-reaching consequences, that no apology need be made for examining it.

The one thing of which we can feel absolutely sure concerning classical Greek and Latin metre is that syllabic quantity played in it a prominent and principal part. Just as every writer on English verse places "accent" in the forefront, so every ancient grammarian makes "quantity" the basis of metre, and is silent regarding the syllable-stresses which fill so large a place in our prosody. Does not this point to a deep and radical difference? No doubt it is difficult for us to conceive of a verse based on principles fundamentally unlike our own, but the facts vouch themselves. Mr. Bridges makes "our inability to read Greek as it was spoken" a reason for confining his remarks to Latin. But we at least know that the words in a Greek hexameter possessed accents of some kind, which bore no relation whatever to metrical feet. Since it was from Greek verse that the rules of Latin quantitative metre were originally taken, this fact is of cardinal importance. Greek verse, and therefore Latin verse when it adopted Greek measures, had quantity for its essential foundation. The distinction between long and short syllables, according to Mr. Bridges, was artificial, and "had to be learned just as we should have to learn the rules of an analogous fiction in English." We have precisely such a fiction in our classifying of syllables as *accented* and *unaccented*. Every one knows that this ignores a host of minor differences. None the less, this division, in broad outline, corresponds to a fact, the most prominent and important in our speech. So it must have been with Greek and Latin. Quantity must have been as real, as important, to them as accent is to us. Great literatures are not put together like Chinese puzzles; they grow out of living language. The very structure of Greek and Latin verse, even without the unanimous testimony of all contemporary observers, assures us that quantitative relations formed the basic element, the most salient fact, in their rhythm.

How different is the case in English! When a Roman heard the words already quoted, he heard them first and foremost as *rūit ōcānō nōx*, only secondarily and subordinately as *rūit oceano nōx*. But when an Englishman hears the phrase assumed to be metrically parallel, he hears it first and in most cases exclusively as *their unmēritēd lōt*. If told that it may be also read as *their unmēritēd lōt*, he is puzzled and sceptical. Accustomed to ignore quantitative relations, hardly conscious that some sounds take longer to pronounce than others, taught from childhood to concentrate attention on syllables of major stress and to deal glibly with congested masses of consonants, how can he possibly feel real the suggested distinctions? The word "their," for example, is to him made longer or shorter by stress and not otherwise. That the first syllable of "merit" contains a short vowel is a fact which escapes his attention; what he does notice is its accentual prominence. Here is a fundamental difference, due to racial habits of speech, and necessarily creating a like difference of metrical value. In our language, as nearly all critics have recognised, syllabic quantity is shifting, uncertain, partly subjective; taken by itself it has little stability. Strong stress and permanent quantities, indeed, can hardly co-exist; one or other is bound to give way. There can be no doubt which gives way in English. With us, as a high authority puts it, "quantity is always loose." Therefore to argue from Latin to English, from a language where quantities were normally fixed to one

where they are normally changeable and indefinite, does not seem reasonable. When accent predominates over quantity, you cannot get the same results as when quantity predominates over accent. The feeling of unreality referred to above springs from natural causes, and must be taken into account.

It is one thing to hold that syllabic quantity has a function in English verse, that our best singers use it scientifically, that neglect of it leads to harshness and dissonance; it is quite another to treat this factor as a stable and independent basis. Again and again, since Elizabethan days, men have tried to write English verse by Latin rule, and always the attempt has failed because inconsistent with the genius of our language. The two speeches being dissimilar, similar rules cannot hold good in both. What Virgil did it does not follow that an English poet can do. Without going into detail—without asking what phonetic fact "accent" stood for in Classic Latin, or whether any modification of undoubtedly artificial rules could be reconciled with our elusive quantities—we are justified in refusing to accept arguments based on a likeness which does not exist; and the experience of three centuries warrants us in believing that no experiment which makes quantity coequal with stress-accent, or even assigns to it independent reality, will find favour so long as our language retains its present form.

When lines framed on this latter basis happen to comply with the requirements of English prosody, they can be read with pleasure. Such are some cited by Mr. Bridges as carrying "six normally placed accents," though they do not all quite answer to his description. A certain amount of divergence from normal accentuation is not only tolerated but welcomed by English ears, and other lines besides these can be accepted as they stand, while many more can be made acceptable by slight if illegitimate departures from the intended structure. But when, as in by far the larger part of this version, speech-stress and metrical *ictus* are of set purpose made totally discrepant—when we are asked to take for hexameters such lines as:

Grieving at heart and much pitying their unmerited lot.
In the billows helpless, with a high wind and threatening gale.
Hell's Stygian barrier? Charon's boat unbidden enter?—

revolt becomes inevitable. No English-trained ear can or should enjoy such lines; they violate our most deeply rooted speech-instincts. If bidden discard these and enjoy a new verbal music, we must decline, firstly through inability to comply, and secondly because compliance would be disastrous. Native measures would no longer please. Our Shelley, our Swinburne, would cease to be melodious. "False quantities" would be felt everywhere, even in

Out of the golden remote wild West, where the sea without shore is.

If it were possible to make English ears require fixed and definite syllable-quantities, all our past minstrelsy would suffer. We cannot have it both ways, cannot appreciate quantity in one form of verse and not miss it in another. If racial habits count for anything, quantitative metre will be enjoyed when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten—and not till then.

It is interesting to observe how, in successive attempts, Mr. Bridges has departed gradually further from the rules with which he began. His fine ear and sense of rhythm discontent him with Stonian orthodoxy. Accent is now recognised by him as a contributing cause of quantity; words like "god" and "man" are long when followed by a vowel. Such scansion as "the threshold," "spectral horror," "än' drave" (even granting the apostrophe) indicate laxer views of length by position. Elision is no longer for-

bidden, being allowed to form such hypothetically Miltonic monosyllables as "T'whom," "seest," "me o'er." The old distinction between *musa* and *muser* is abandoned in words like "hitherward," "over the ocean," "hap to her, yawning." Still more noteworthy is a new departure in respect of vowel-quantity, exemplified in "bý an" as compared with "by night," "göeth," "plieth," "alsö." This clashes, not only with Stone's canon, but with a dominant principle of contemporary speech. In modern English, change of quality almost always accompanies change of quantity. Save in a very few instances, such as *püll* and *pöol*, we seem unable to rest satisfied with mere difference of length, and insist on making a further change. To rest metre on a distinction between "sö" and "alsö," "gó" and "göeth," must therefore be doubtful policy; yet a contrary decision would invalidate a whole host of scensions like "prötection," "dëluded," etc. Confusion thickens when we find our author suggesting (see final Note) that some words may be treated either as spondees or dactyls, which is surely tantamount to abandoning quantity as a basis. "Myriad" and "Stygian" seem to be examples of this, while *dominion* is printed "dominyon." "Fiery" is made a trochee, though we were once warned against pronouncing "theory" like "beery." Can "sprig" be lengthened by spelling it as in "that bright sprigg of weird," or to what is its imagined quantity due? These instances, mostly taken from the first two pages of "*Ibant Obscuri*," may suggest what a morass of uncertainty is being taken for solid ground. It were well-nigh as easy to make ropes of sand, as definite "feet" from our fugitive syllabic quantities.

If some plodding grammarian had compiled these experiments, where *deliverance* must be written "deliv'rance," and inserting or omitting an aspirate is vital to metre, his ingenuity might extort admiration. But when one of our chief living poets expends time and labour on them, who can help saying "the pity of it"? Must such ill-omened attempts prevent our again receiving song-bursts like:

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky; unrisen lustres slake
The o'er-taken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

Will lines of native music like this be written or enjoyed when "*unrisen*" masquerades as *ünrisen*? In the interest of English verse, protest must be made against efforts to sap the foundations of our metre by substituting those of an alien prosody. That they should succeed is inconceivable, but, meantime, how much we are losing! Surely Charles Bagot Cayley's Iliad "homometrically translated" might suffice for those who seek to cultivate exotics, unaware perhaps how many vain attempts have been made to naturalise this one, from the days of Spenser and Gabriel Harvey onward. Not all the skill and learning and poetic power of its latest cultivator, head and shoulders in these respects above most of his predecessors, can render a different result credible. To revolutionise the whole of English speech is a task beyond the power of any man, and one whose accomplishment—were it feasible—would consign to oblivion the masterpieces of our literature.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

"*THERE* are genuine Men of Letters," said a great and fearless philosopher, "and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious." If we quote a line or two farther, there need be no mistake as to the identity of him whose dictum we reproduce.

"If Hero be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest. He is uttering forth, in such a way as he has, the inspired soul of him." And the sage proceeds to defend his use of the word "inspired," taking inspiration to be a commingling of originality, sincerity, and genius. How many of those we somewhat lightly term "men of letters" to-day can boast a place in the glorious company of Heroes, judged by that standard?

Fortunately, however, we need be bound by no philosopher's arbitrary measuring-rule. Whether he be hero or not, the combination of originality and sincerity—we speak at present only of the literary craftsman—is sufficient to ensure a man an estimable place in the arraignment by which he must finally stand or fall—that of the hearts of his readers; sincerity alone may do this, but insincere originality fizzles to extinction like a damp rocket. We can all recall instances of this. And now we will note in what manner these introductory remarks apply to the art of Mr. James Lane Allen.

It would be difficult to find an author whose writings bear fewer traces of affectation than those of Mr. Allen. To have to pick one's way across a moraine of superfluous mannerisms before climbing to the little peaks of thought whereon the sun shines brightly is sometimes to spoil tempers gratuitously; it detracts sadly from the value of a view to arrive angry and sore-footed, and the *detritus* afforded by the workings of genius is often surprisingly lacking in precious metal. But Mr. Allen's peaks are easily accessible—which is by no means to say that they are of insignificant height or of small importance. The very first impression gained by any discriminating reader of his books, we imagine, would be one of dignity and purity in the language—long before any thread of plot or even narrative had begun to unravel; a sudden sense of tranquil distinction and lucidity. And, if we illustrate this immediately by quoting the actual opening sentences of a book which we should like every student of fiction to read as a portion of his or her education—"The Mettle of the Pasture"—we beg such students as shall see this article to observe how striking an effect can be obtained by absolute simplicity:

She did not wish any supper, and she sank forgetfully back into the stately oak chair. One of her hands lay palm upward on her white lap; in the other, which drooped over the arm of the chair, she clasped a young rose dark red amid its leaves—an inverted torch of love. . . .

A few bars of dusty gold hung poised across the darkening spaces of the supper-room. Ripples of the evening air entering through the windows flowed over her, lifting the thick curling locks at the nape of her neck, creeping forward over her shoulders and passing along her round arms under the thin fabric of her sleeves.

They aroused her, these vanishing beams of the day, these arriving breezes of the night; they became secret invitations to escape from the house into the privacy of the garden, where she could be alone with thoughts of her great happiness now fast approaching.

As she strolled around the garden under the cloudy flush of the evening sky, dressed in white, a shawl of white lace over one arm, a rose on her breast, she had the exquisiteness of a long past, during which women have been chosen in marriage for health and beauty and children and the power to charm.

Here are words perfectly simple, but perfectly selected—mated to the beauty and bloom of the young girl awaiting her lover in the summer twilight, thrilling silently to the mere anticipation of his footfall. The whole book is a study in gentle harmonies.

Mr. Allen is known chiefly by his three long novels,

"The Choir Invisible," "The Increasing Purpose," and the one mentioned above; and of these it is perplexing to give cogent reasons for placing any one first in quality. They go together, forming a triptych, and if we set "The Choir Invisible" forward as his best book, as well as the one most widely read, we are directly conscious that the other two contain work quite as fine, quite as delicate. Perhaps the title of that volume has had something to do with its more extensive acceptance—Mr. Allen is happier in his choice of titles than most authors. It maintains, we think, the high level of limpid prose slightly less consistently than the others, but the story itself is of surpassing interest. Every standard author has some book or another with which a beginning is best made for those desirous of becoming acquainted with him; no one, for example, would advantageously commence to read Mr. Meredith with "Vittoria," or Mr. Henry James with "The Sacred Fount." If we choose "The Choir Invisible" as a representative work of our author, it is because we have been astonished to find among well-read people, whose opinion is worth the greatest consideration, many to whom Mr. Allen is hardly known even by name.

The picture of Amy Falconer, the vain little flirt, in the opening chapter, is limned with a sure and steady hand. On the back of the old white bob-tail horse, ambling drowsily along the wagon-track, she comes into the reader's view with startling clearness, and passes across the champaign from her aunt's farm:

On she rode down the avenue of the primeval woods; and Nature seemed arranged to salute her as some imperial presence; with the waving of a hundred green boughs above and on each side; with the flash and rush of bright wings; with the swift play of nimble forms up and down the boles of trees; and all the sweet confusion of innumerable melodies.

Then happens "one of those trifles that contain the history of our lives, as a drop of dew draws into itself the majesty and solemnity of the heavens." The bundle with which the horse is laden—her ball-dress and its accessories—falls to the ground as the animal slips on a rough root:

She did not see it. She indignantly gathered the reins more tightly in one hand, pushed back her bonnet, and applied her little switch of wild cherry to the horse's flank with such vehemence that a fly which was about to alight on that spot went to the other side. The old horse himself—he bore the peaceable name of William Penn—merely gave one of the comforting switches of his bob-tail with which he brushed away the thought of any small annoyance, and stopped a moment to nibble at the wayside cane mixed with purple-blossoming pea-vine. Out of the lengthening shadows of the woods the girl and the horse passed on toward the little town; and far behind them in the public road lay the lost bundle.

Of the finding of that innocent-looking bundle by John Gray, the schoolmaster, and the quietly tragic consequences which ensue, the following chapters tell. Gray, unaware that the owner was the girl he loved—or thought he loved—unties it and lies awake to watch the shimmer of a woman's fascinating attire in his lonely bachelor's lodging, a willing subject for all the thrills of love's anticipations; in a little while, he thinks, such things will be in his room by full right of wifehood. The sympathetic suggestion of the man's waking dream is wholly charming. The girl throws him over, and soon after he is wounded by a terrible fight with a cougar, the tiger of Kentucky. In his illness Mrs. Falconer, Amy's young aunt, wedded to an uncomprehending husband, visits him, bringing him Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" to read. The contrast between the two women is finely drawn:

The one was nineteen—the tulip, with spring-like charm, but perfectly hollow, and ready to be filled by east wind or

west wind, north wind or south wind, according as each blew last and hardest; the other thirty-six—the rose—in its mid-summer splendour with fold on fold of delicate symmetric structures, making a masterpiece.

To his shame, Gray, the purest-minded of men, almost an ascetic, finds that his heart has gone out to the rose in overwhelming passion. The scene where, during his convalescence, he takes the book back to Mrs. Falconer, and they discover that love has walked softly with them all the time, is admirable in its restraint:

"And haven't you a word? Bring this book back to me in silence? After all I said to you? I want to know how you feel about it—all your thoughts."

She looked up at him with a reproachful smile.

The blood had rushed guiltily into his face, and she seeing this, without knowing what it meant, the blood rushed into hers.

"I don't understand," she said proudly and coldly, dropping her eyes and dropping her head a little forward before him, and soon becoming very pale, as from a death-wound.

He stood before her, trembling, trying to speak, trying not to speak. Then he turned and strode rapidly away.

Thus the sombre note begins to sound more deeply in these unsullied lives—these two for whom the height of happiness is to be the misty hill of renunciation, never the bright mountains of consummated love. The whole story is of two souls tried as by fire, passing through the ordeal honourably, but not unscathed. When Major Falconer dies, Gray, in a distant city, has married a woman frankly for companionship, and out of a mistaken gratitude for her help and that of her family in a period of distress, she electing to take the risk, knowing that his love was elsewhere. The story closes with the visit of Gray's eldest son to the solitary widow, bearing a letter from the man who has loved her, whom she has loved and waited for, fruitlessly and faultlessly, for many shadowed years. "If I have kept unbroken faith with any of my ideals," he writes, "thank you and thank God!"

In his self-confident youth, before love had revealed itself, Gray had declaimed to Mrs. Falconer his presumptuous creed:

"I declare to you at this moment, standing here in the clear light of my own past, that I firmly believe I shall be what I will, that I shall have what I want, and that I shall now go on rearing the structure of my life to the last detail, just as I have long planned it."

Later on, tenderly and truly, the woman won him to see how easily such a basis could be overset and rendered useless. Her quiet conversations with him during his illness are full of wisdom—we can almost hear her grave voice chiding, so beautifully is her character drawn. "First of all things in this world," she says, "a man must be a man—with all the grace and vigour, and, if possible, all the beauty of the body. Then he must be a gentleman, with all the grace, the vigour, the good taste of the mind. And then with both of these—no matter what his creed, his dogmas, his superstitions, his religion—with both of these he must try to live a beautiful life of the spirit." No one who has suffered can read this book unmoved; and to those for whom life moves in pleasant places it is far more than a romance; it is an exposition of how the harsh, irrevocable facts of existence may be bravely fronted and to some extent foiled, in spite of inevitable scars.

It must not be thought—we say this for the benefit of those to whom Mr. Allen's chosen land of Kentucky is untravelled ground—that there is a total absence of humour in these treasurable volumes. They

all concern themselves with the sadder side of life, its disappointments and subtle trials; but this selection of the grey tones rather than the high lights never, even in a single instance, makes for "heavy" reading. We may allow ourselves to take one laughable interlude from the book which we have already quoted from somewhat lengthily—the dialogue between the Episcopal parson and John Gray, at the latter's bedside:

"Suppose we do this; we'll begin to enumerate the qualities of the common house cat. I'll think of a cat, you think of some woman; and we'll see what we come to." (The parson was a woman-hater.)

"I'll not do it," said John. "She's too noble."

"Just for fun!"

"There's no fun in comparing a woman to a cat."

"There is if she doesn't know it. Come, begin!" And the parson laid one long forefinger on one long little finger and waited for the first specification.

"Fineness," said John, thinking of a certain woman.

"Fondness for a nap," said the parson, thinking of a certain cat.

"Grace," said John.

"Inability to express thanks," said the parson.

"A beautiful form," said John.

"A desire to be stroked," said the parson.

"Sympathy," said John.

"Oh, no!" said the parson; "no cat has any sympathy. A dog has; a man is more of a dog."

"Noblemindedness," said John.

"That will not do either," said the parson. "Cats are not nobleminded; it's preposterous!"

"Perfect ease of manner," said John.

"Perfect indifference of manner," said the parson.

"No vanity," said John.

"No sense of humour," said the parson.

"Plenty of wit," said John.

"You keep on thinking too much about some woman," remonstrated the parson, slightly exasperated.

"Fastidiousness," said John.

"Soft hands and beautiful nails," said the parson, nodding encouragingly.

"A gentle footstep," said John, with a softened look coming into his eyes. "A quiet presence."

"A quiet pounce on you unawares," said the parson.

"Beautiful taste in music," said John.

"Oh! dreadful!" said the parson. "What on earth are you thinking about?"

"The love of rugs and cushions," said John, groping desperately.

"The love of a nap," said the parson fluently.

"The love of playing with its victim," said John, thinking of another woman.

"Capital!" cried the parson. "That's the truest thing we've said. We'll not spoil it by another word."

This same Rev. James Moore, who plays the flute to his friend so charmingly—it is a token of the extent of his friendship—is one of Mr. Allen's finest secondary characters.

In two distinct ways the work of Mr. Allen may be said to resemble that of Mr. Thomas Hardy—with reservations in each case. Firstly, there is a broad similarity in that the books of both tend to enlarge upon the darker aspects of life; but—and here is the flash of division—the grim aloofness of the exponent of "Wessex" is totally absent from the American author. Through the Kentucky stories shines always a ray of hope, an invincible optimism; gentleness and a strong sympathy, a superb intimacy with those banished from their Edens, take the sting from fate. Mr. Hardy hears the scornful laughter of the "President of the Immortals" who had "ended his sport with Tess"; Mr. Allen would have glimpsed a hand outstretched to save.

Secondly, both authors possess that rare power of including nature as an integral portion of their stories; and here, again, Mr. Allen has the precision of Mr. Hardy without his frequent austerity. Sun, wind, rain, moonlight and mist, and all the thousand aspects of trees, earth and sky, take their place quite apart from what is generically known as "description," but with Mr. Allen's work we lose that apprehension of some sinister influence lurking behind them which so often oppresses us in reading the Wessex novels. Nature lightens the progress of events; she wears a kindlier face for her children; love, and not fear, is the dominating theme.

There is a third resemblance to which we may just allude; both writers have brought before the public a certain country within whose bounds nearly all their characters live and move; through one we have learnt of the vales and uplands of our own Southern England, the other has pictured for us the enchantment of his loved "Blue-grass region" so far across the ocean. And in this respect both have achieved unrivalled success.

The sincerity which we emphasised at the beginning of this article is no less obvious in "The Mettle of the Pasture" and "The Increasing Purpose." Perfect in their own way are each of these books. No one who has read the latter will easily forget the story of the hemp in the first chapter; it is an epic of Kentucky. The study here given of David, the young farmer, obsessed by his desire for an extended knowledge of the Bible, and his heart-breaking discovery that more light in the shape of a college training meant the growth of many rank weeds of doubt in his soul, is an absorbing one. He works out his own salvation, and after all his saving and scraping to obtain the necessary money for his education, is expelled by reason of his frankly-expressed antagonism to the opinions of his teachers. Love does not enter into this story until nearly half of it is told. The image of the woman creeps into the young man's thoughts as he sits reading alone in his room at the old farm:

He closed the pages and turned to his dying fire. The book caused him to wrestle; he wanted rest. And now, floating to him through that mist in his brain, as softly as a nearing melody, as radiantly as dawning light, came the image of Gabriella; after David had pursued Knowledge awhile he was ready for Love. . . . In all his rude existence she was the only being he had ever known who seemed to him worthy of a place in the company of his great books. . . . Her companionship wherever he might be—to have just that; to feel that she was always with him, and always one with him; to be able to turn his eyes to hers before some vanishing firelight at an hour like this, with deep rest near them side by side!

The ending of their love-story is happy, yet with that tinge of sadness which seems inseparable from all Mr. Allen's conclusions; the woman realises that even in the hour of her triumph the man's soul will never be entirely hers—always he will be searching, searching for the Truth as it is not in books nor colleges nor the wisdom of man:

She would give him her all, she never could be all to him. Her life would be enfolded completely; but he would hold out his arms also toward a cold spirit who would for ever elude him—Wisdom.

The golden crescent dropped behind the dark green hills of the silent land. Where were they? Gone? Or still under the trees?

"Ah, Gabriella, it is love that makes a man believe in a God of Love!"

"David, David!"

The south wind, warm with the first thrill of summer, blew from across the valley, from across the mighty rushing sea of the young hemp.

O Mystery Immortal! which is in the hemp and in our souls, in its bloom and in our passions; by which our poor brief lives are led upward out of the earth for a season, then cut down, rotted and broken—for Thy long service!

"The Mettle of the Pasture," the introductory paragraphs of which we have already quoted, is Mr. Allen's most ambitious work as far as plot is concerned; but we must pass this over, to consider in conclusion one little volume which is as full of charm as anything he has penned; we refer to "Aftermath." It forms a sequel to "A Kentucky Cardinal," but is quite complete enough in itself to be read alone. Light in treatment at times almost to airiness, brief, with a theme so slender that it cannot be termed a plot, we can yet find in it the art of the author at its best. It deals merely with a garden-courtship, a marriage, and the interruption of the harmony by the death of the woman; but the sacredness of a great passion, and the impression of love's persistence in spite of that earthly parting, are conveyed in a little idyll which we should be sorry for our readers to miss. Humour plays through it like the flicker of a flame, never long present, never far off. Georgiana, the man's choice, is portrayed in a hundred indirect ways.

Georgiana does not play upon the pianoforte, or, as Mrs. Walters would declare, she does not perform upon the instrument. Sylvia does; she performs, she executes. There are times when she will execute a piece called "The Last Hope" until the neighbours are filled with despair and ready to stretch their heads on the block to any more merciful executioner. Nor does Georgiana sing to company in the parlour. . . . I have never known her to sing except at her sewing and alone, as the way of women often is. . . . The overheard rill of Georgiana's voice issues from inner depths of being that no human soul has ever visited, or perhaps ever will visit. What would I not give to thread my way, hidden and alone, to that far region of uncaptured loveliness?

Of late some of the overheard lullabies have touched me inexpressibly. They beat upon my ear like the musical reverberations of future motherhood—they betoken in Georgiana's maidenhood the dreaming unrest of the maternal.

Full of gaiety are these lovers. They have an old goldfinch's nest, stuck on a pole, whereby notes are passed to and fro. At the inauguration of this system of mail-carrying Georgiana was rather surprised with the weird appearance at her window:

The nest swayed on a level with her nose. "What is it?" she cried, drawing back with extreme distaste. . . .

"It's a note from me, Georgiana! This is going to be our little private post-office!" Georgiana sank back into her chair. She reappeared with the flush of apple-blossoms and her lashes wet with tears of laughter. But I do not think she looked at me unkindly. "Our little private post-office," I persisted, confidently.

"How many more little private things are we going to have?" she enquired plaintively.

"I can't wait here for ever," I said. "This is growing weather; I might sprout."

Deeper and deeper becomes their love after the wedding:

It is nearly dark when I reach home from town these January evenings. However the cold may sting the face and dart inward to the marrow Georgiana is waiting at the yard gate to meet me, so hooded and shawled and ringed about with petticoats—like a tree within its layers of bark—that she looks like the most thick-set of ordinary-sized women; for there is a heavenly but very human secret hiding in this household now, and she is thoughtfully keeping it. We press our half-frozen cheeks together, as red as wine-sap apples, and grope for each other's hands through our big lamb's-wool mittens, and warm our hearts with the laughter in each other's eyes.

And then the "heavenly but very human secret" comes down to earth:

The population of this town yesterday was seven thousand nine hundred and twenty; to-day it is seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-one. The inhabitants of the globe are enriched by the same stupendous unit; the solar system must adjust itself to new laws of equilibrium; the choir of angels is sweetened by the advent of another musician.

Lastly, comes the great Interloper, to leave the man brooding over the mystery:

Yesterday a wind storm swept this neighbourhood. Later, deep in the woods, I came upon an elm that had been struck by a bolt at the top. As I stood looking at it the single note of a bird fell on my ear—always the same note, low, quiet, regular, devoid of feeling, as though the bird had been stunned and were trying to say: *What can I do? What can I do?* I knew what that note meant. . . . I do not think of Death as ever having come to you. I think of you as some strangely beautiful white being that one day rose out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler, and uttering your note of divine farewell, spread your wings towards the open sea of eternity, there to await my coming.

The chief beauty of the book lies in its perfect naturalness and simplicity, and, with its predecessor, it forms one of the most delicate little romances its author has ever written.

Mr. Allen's faults are few. One, common to every writer, is the occasional oversight, such as the use of the word "switch" twice in quick succession, with different meanings, in the third of our quotations—the slip to which the most practised literary man is liable; the other is a tendency to sentimentalise at times over his heroines—the inherent danger of his style. Carried but a trifle farther, this too-sympathetic touch would degenerate into effeminacy, but that undesirable attribute cannot as yet be laid to Mr. Allen's charge—he invariably saves himself well within the mark by some turn of phrase, some humorous comment, some happy little strengthening sternness which brings to the front that innate sincerity and spirituality which is the keynote of all. We think that Mr. Allen's position in the world of literature can be best expressed by saying that he occupies a corresponding place to that which we had hoped, some years ago, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne would eventually reach. Irrespective of the scenes among which his novels are planned, which are not germane to the literary effect, he possesses exactly that daintiness of prose which promised well in Mr. Le Gallienne, rendered, however, permanent and homogeneous by a virility and a purpose for which we may search the work of the latter author in vain. Mr. Le Gallienne has remained in his artificial-flower garden where very young poets wander arm in arm with fanciful golden girls beneath opalescent skies—which is just the inevitable and tragic outcome of the cult of daintiness. Mr. Allen's lovers roam amid real flowers, and are strong, sensible, ordinary beings.

Never once in any of his books is there the faintest indication of bad taste, or any touch of the erotic, in spite of the very human passion which he often portrays. The purveyors of fiction that tries to be desperately wicked and frequently succeeds only in being ridiculous had better read "Aftermath," if only to get it burnt into them what love really is. No man could know the tiny book without having some grain of impurity removed, some little desire for true beauty of spirit driven to a deeper hold upon him, and the same statement, we think, can be made irrefutably of all Mr. Allen's romances. No greater praise could possibly be given to an author when such gifts of influence over feeling and motive are aided by an almost impeccable grace, and we look to Mr. Allen as one whose pen will yet, we hope for many years, do indomitable service in one of the finest causes in the world—true literary style and true purity of thought. Such service was never more needed than it is to-day.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

THE poets would still appear to be dumb and the editors sickly-faced with the pale cast of anxiety. In other words, our brilliant contemporaries remain more or less denuded of poetry. Two Saturdays ago the *Spectator*, it is true, struggled into the light bearing on its bosom a trifling gem by Mr. Newman Howard. Mr. Howard had really nothing to say, and he mixed his metaphors somewhat. Encouraged no doubt by the silence with which we received this effort, Mr. St. Loe Strachey ventured forth on Saturday last with a lengthy screed in the Somerset dialect, which, while no means bad in its way, was utterly spoilt as art by the childish improbability of its subject matter and by a stupid announcement to the effect that the verses were a description of what actually took place when a certain peer descended into a coal mine. Of course, in the strict sense the *Spectator's* verses were not poetry at all. The *Athenaeum* and the *Outlook* for their parts continue to be poemless, which is good of them. The *Nation*, however, cannot restrain itself, and it has discovered a poet of the name of Ensor who has supplied it with a quotation from Pindar and fifteen stanzas about the ocean, of which the following is the first:

Down in the darkness to the coast
I ran on passionate feet
To greet the friend I loved the most
And hungered most to meet,
To hail the friend my heart had lost
And hear its surges beat.

"Passionate feet" is agreeably startling. And one cannot help wondering whether the surges mentioned in the last line are to be referred to "coast" in the first line or to "my heart" in line five. For if "surges" have to do with "coast" they would seem to be as far away from it as the sea is from Southport. And if, on the other hand, they have to do with "my heart" the *Nation* might very well see a doctor at once. And after having its heart overhauled it might have its passionate feet attended to for one and the same fee. (Thrift, thrift, Horatio!)

Not to be outdone, the *Saturday Review* prints some lines concerning an artist for whose memory we have the greatest respect, and who probably would have been vastly amused by them, considered in their relation to art. The "poet" is Mr. D. S. MacColl, who, we need scarcely say, is no poet at all. We append the justifying sample:

Through the Australian desert, through the press
Of maddening wanton life in cities roaring,
You held your charter to the radiant gates;
Sea-gates of summer, pearl and chrysoprase,
Wood-gates of spring, blossoming rose and snow,
Floodgates of night, passion and vision and pain.
Therein abide, even in your Chantemesle,
That all men pass, where no one ever comes.

We must really call upon Mr. Harold Hodge to tell us in that incisive prose for which the *Saturday Review* is so justly celebrated what, in the name of all that is pathetic, the sentence beginning at "Therein abide" and ending "where no one ever comes" may be taken grammatically to mean.

Like his far-famed Wapping Wasp, the "towsy tyke" has fallen down—down; quite "six inches down"—from the *Athenaeum* to the *Westminster Gazette*. Saturday was the day before St. Valentine's Day, and the "towsy tyke" naturally felt himself impelled to song. It seems that our Testament-maker is at times pleased to be humorous:

ERNEST: In bosoms that nothing can please,

Being empty of pleasure and sunk
In themselves; being wizened and frail
Like vats when the wine has been drunk—
Being warped and unspeakably stale
Like vats in desuetude shrunk.

Let the season and nature prevail,

Let the winepress of youth overrun—

JULIEN: If the valves be corroded with rust,

And the power and the gearing undone!—

ERNEST: Empurpled with stains of the must,

My fancy, forestalling the sun—

JULIEN: In the City we take him on trust!—

We consider that if the "towsy tyke" did not offer this shrewd bit of rapier work to the Editor of the *Athenaeum* he missed the opportunity of a lifetime. That lunge about "in the City we take him on trust" is worthy of Mr. Wilkie Bard. Surely our poet of St. Valentine cannot have heard Mr. Pelissier sing "There's a sun still shining in the sky." Otherwise he would have been aware that, for the present season at any rate, the gibe about the metropolitan orb of day is already appropriated:

And talking of the "towsy tyke" and poetry and the sun and so forth, we have received from a gentleman, who appears to be engaged in a professorial capacity at a college of science, a sonnet and the following letter:

The Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY of December 26th, 1908, your reviewer deals pitilessly but pithily with two sonnets, written, one by a lady, and the other by a personage referred to as "the towsy tyke"!

Happy as I am in the safety of obscurity, these criticisms afforded me much wicked enjoyment, though I do not mean to impute to your critic any but the most righteous motives imaginable. He (your critic) seems to me, however, to have challenged the whole tribe of minor poets to the combined task of producing one single satisfactory sonnet. Though I cannot claim membership with the above-mentioned august body, I, nevertheless, venture to submit to your judgment the enclosed Shakespearian sonnet.

Entreating you to overlook the plagiarism involved in the first three words, yet hardly daring to hope for any indication of your austere opinion,

Yours truly,

And here is the Shakespearian "sonnet":

When I consider how the Seasons change—
From sylph-like Spring, whose tremulous tears beguile
The Lord of Day, Him causing cease to range
'Midst Arctic snows; to Summer with her smile
Of sun-kissed seas and glinting daisy-meads,
Narciss-like, fainting in her own embrace;
To Autumn, pensive, clad in russet weeds
That whisperingly proclaim her queenly grace;
To Winter snell, with ringing ground, and fields
All brown and bare, and skies of wondrous grey—
Then I perceive how all that this Life yields
Of Joy or Grief, makes for the Perfect Day:
First, Youth, with faery dreams, then Love so dear
Then, Care and Age, then—Dawn o' th' Eternal Year!

We shall be happy to supply the name and address of this soaring human poet to the Editors of the *Athenaeum*, the *Outlook*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Westminster Gazette*, provided that they do not all speak at once. "Narciss-like" is a compelling touch.

REVIEWS

PONTIFICAL SERVICES.

Alcuin Club Collections XII. Pontifical Services, Vol. IV. Illustrated from woodcuts of the 16th century. By ATHELSTAN RILEY, M.A. (Longmans, Green and Co., 21s.)

THE titles and introductions of the Alcuin Club's Collections use so many different series of numbers, that reference to a particular volume is rendered uncertain and confusing. The two volumes considered here are therefore quoted each by its author's name, Mr. F. C. Eeles and Mr. Athelstan Riley. In 1907 Mr. Eeles published reproductions of two series of woodcuts, called here A and B, which were used during the 16th century to illustrate the *Pontificale Romanum*, confining himself to *pars prima* of the book. Mr. Riley has now completed Mr. Eeles's work, in a second volume, by treating in the same way *pars secunda* and *pars tertia*. Mr. Eeles's volume was reviewed in No. 1,850 of THE ACADEMY, after the careful consideration which the work of an expert writing on his own subject demands. Since Mr. Riley's volume merely completes Mr. Eeles's, much that was said then must be recapitulated.

The particular editions chosen by the editors for reproduction are that of 1520 for Series A, and that of 1572 for Series B, both from the Giunta Press, at Venice. An apology is due to Mr. Eeles, because, from a hasty reference to his scanty preface, his reproductions were called "a selection." Comparison with the Giunta editions themselves shows that both editors have reproduced all the ceremonial woodcuts, with one exception. Mr. Riley misses, probably by accident, one which will be mentioned later. Both editors merely leave out the devotional or decorative subjects, which do not come within the scope of their work. Both add descriptive notes to every illustration, correcting the draughtsmen's constant inaccuracies by the rubrics. Mr. Eeles's notes are certainly more careful, but Mr. Riley writes a detailed and suggestive preface. The two volumes therefore form a valuable and convenient gallery of the ritual observed in services, outside the Mass, anterior, as Mr. Riley pertinently reminds us, to the reformations ordered by Clement VIII. in 1506. It is surprising to see in a service very largely illustrated, the Dedication of a Church, how much remains in the Roman Pontifical at the present day.

It was pointed out in the former review, from the plain, intrinsic evidence of Mr. Eeles's illustrations, that both series of woodcuts are mere clichés. On this point Mr. Eeles was silent, but Mr. Riley practically confirms the statement, and quotes the reappearance of Series A in an edition of the *Pontificale Romanum* printed at Lyons in 1542; to which may be added another Giunta edition in 1543. He also quotes a second Giunta use of many of the B Series in a *Missae Episcopales* of 1563. These quotations are based on no very exhaustive search, but they are sufficient for the editor's purpose, and to corroborate the statement repeated here. The inaccuracy of the woodcuts on points which they are intended to illustrate is undisputed. To the mistakes pointed out before, and to those corrected by the editors, may be added, on a minute point, the occasional omission in both sides of *vittæ* (the bands hanging from mitres), and in the case of large objects, the omission of half of the *octo magni nobiles, sive oratores*, who bear of the papal canopy. This latter omission may, indeed, not arise from inaccuracy so much as from lack of space. This suggests another point in the treatment of the subjects which must be noticed. The subjects, besides being treated typically, are treated symbolically, especially

when the action represented takes place over large spaces, as in the dedication of churches and churchyards. In figure 42 (Riley), Series A, the five churchyard crosses, of which the four smaller have to be of a man's height, and *in situ* at the boundaries of the churchyard, are all grouped close together, and even the centre, taller one, scarcely reaches to the Bishop's waist. In the later series, B, the draughtsman, trying to evade difficulties of scale, omits all human beings, but is still forced to place the crosses so close together that, to scale with the shorter ones, the churchyard could not be more than twelve feet wide. Again, the single woodcut omitted by Mr. Riley (fol. 112, ed. 1520) represents the writing by the Bishop of the Greek and Latin alphabets across the floor of a church at consecration. During the singing of the *Veni Creator* ashes are strewed from corner to corner, so that they form an X or St. Andrew's cross. A little later, while the *Benedictus* is sung, the Bishop, with the butt of his pastoral staff, traces in the ashes first the Greek alphabet on one line, and then the Latin on the other. The intersection of the alphabets therefore occurs in the middle of the church, but not until the Bishop has finished all the Greek letters, and has passed the N of the Latin. The draughtsman could find no other way of representing this, than by putting the Bishop in a corner, with the two alphabets intersecting in front of him, at Δ and D, or thereabouts.

Since the woodcuts are so inaccurate on their own ground, they afford very slight evidence as to the existence of fashions at particular times and places, to which the draughtsmen's attention is not specially directed, and which are not described in the rubrics or the *Ceremoniale*.

Mr. Riley is inclined to give too much weight to the differences between the earlier and later series. These differences serve for little more than to remind the eye that changes were taking place in vestments during the 16th century, with the changes in architecture. Sleeveless, chasuble-shaped surplices were used in some places, and large *mappæ* (the "fair linen cloths"), hanging in folds; apparels (rectangular patches of ornament) were tending to be disused; the clergy were beginning to grow beards, though the decree of the Council of Carthage against them, and the versicles and prayer to be said by the Bishop over the youthful student for orders when he first shaved, were still printed in the *Pontificale* as late at least as 1497. But it cannot be inferred, without other evidence, that these fashions were in use at the times or places of the editions in which they occur. Much less can be inferred concerning the number of lights placed on the altars, and the shape of mitres. Mr. Riley mentions the increase of height in the mitres of Series B as evidence of their later date. The evidence is very uncertain. Mitres of many shapes had been in use for a long period. Besides Carpaccio's very tall mitres of the nineties in the 15th century, taller and larger mitres than those in Series B are common in the pictures of other Venetian painters of that century, such as the Vivarini; while Jacobello del Fiore, in 1438, represents a contemporary donor, a Bishop of Ceneda, with a very high mitre on the ground beside him. Beyond the Alps, also, Albrecht Durer represents St. Ulrick, in 1508, wearing an enormous mitre, and St. Poppe and St. Otto, in 1515, wearing mitres equally tall, but not so wide.

On the other hand, in Venetian Missals of the years 1506 and 1518, far more characteristically Italian than the ones here considered, very short, bulbous mitres are to be found. Similarly with the number of altar lights, Mr. Riley reminds us that seven lights were in use on the altar of the papal chapel in Rome at this date and much earlier. Though they may have

been the rule at Mass even always, candlesticks do not appear generally on altars in the Pope's presence at other times; in fact, the altars are bare, or only adorned with a cross. However, no Pope and altar appear together in these series, and there is only one representation of an altar at Mass (fig. 129, Riley, and fol. 229, ed. 1543); the rite represented, the singing of the *Christus vincit, Christus imperat, Christus regnat*, was confined *alicubus locis*, and is not even mentioned in a Venetian *Pontifical* of the year 1510. Figure 129, indeed, shows two lighted candles on the altar, and two on high candlesticks in front of it, but representations are common of altars at Mass with one light held by the server, and with no lights at all; an example may be seen in the Canon-picture of the Giunta, 1563, *Missae Episcopales*; here the only light, even at the Elevation, is the server's torch. Again, in a Venetian Missal of 1506, there are two lights on the altar and no torch. The illustrations of this Missal are much the most characteristically Italian referred to here, yet the Canon-picture is treated purely historically, in a style suggesting Mantegna. Pilate on his judgment seat appears prominently in the foreground, while the Christ, on the cross in the distant background, is robed to the feet, and has the robe tied round the ankles. The Canon-picture also of the Giunta, 1543, edition is much more archaic and German in treatment than that of the one accompanying the same ceremonial woodcuts in the 1520 edition. It is therefore difficult to agree with Mr. Riley that they are safe guides to the practices obtaining in Venice, where they were printed. He also remarks of Series B that "the artist evidently drew what he was accustomed to see before him in the churches of his day." The artist really cannot be described as more than an inferior draughtsman and a very bad wood-engraver. Nor does either draughtsman show signs of individual observation, unless it be in the candle-end left on one of the two prickets in figure 48 (Eeles) of Series A. Otherwise the woodcuts should rather be regarded as diagrams supplied by printers' draughtsmen illustrating particular steps in ceremonial, from the receipts given them by some *ceremoniarius*.

THE MEASURE OF OUR YOUTH

The Measure of Our Youth. By ALICE HERBERT.
(John Lane, 6s.)

MISS HERBERT has given us in this novel a hero at whom it would be quite possible to poke fun, and some situations at which it would be easy to be superficially sarcastic. We believe, however, that in this study of an impressionable youth she is too serious and sincere to be taken lightly, and that his experiences, bearing essentially considerable resemblance to the search of Jocelyn Pierston for "The Well-Beloved," are those of many a young man in whom quickly excited emotions are not sentinelled by strong common-sense. To call such a man a "flirt" is often to do him great injustice; he is practically at the mercy of any pretty woman whose eyes invite him, by reason of his temperament. If, as is frequently the case, he is something of an idealist, and in the end is caught by mere beauty—as happens here—then steps in tragedy. With Bewley's marriage to Margaret the book closes; all his previous slips have taught him nothing—which is where we think Miss Herbert shows him up rather too unkindly; and we are left wondering what will happen, for certainly he will not long remain in love with her, nor she with him, if ever she was at all. She is summed up mercilessly:

She was as beautiful as she was stupid, as stately as she was mean of soul, and as spiritual in her beauty as she was

materialistic in her mind. She was practical and full of sound common-sense—no doll, but a "good plain cook," without the exuberantly affectionate disposition traditionally peculiar to cooks she should have been married in her youth to a member of the Stock Exchange and held "a little lower than his horse," behind which he would have very proudly driven her to Richmond on fine Saturdays. She would have conscientiously mothered his neat children, ordered his dinners . . . until she fattened, shrivelled again, and died. Of such is the kingdom of England.

And two of Bewley's friends, discussing the state of affairs in the newly-married man's household, appraise it with equal point:

"What's wrong with him?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong. He's as right, and as respectable—and as interesting—as the water-rate. He trots round smirking after that wickedly tenth-rate young woman; and he talks to you all the time about the furniture. They 'picked up' this tawdryness in Tottenham Court Road, and that beautifully convenient nightmare in Westbourne Grove, and the other vulgarity in Wardour Street. The walls are covered with things in frames; and there's not a picture or the cheapest photo of a picture among the lot—except the Botticelli you sent; and Madam has hung that in the spare room. She's 'afraid she's not very fond of old-fashioned sorts of pictures'—and Bewley beams at her! There's not a book allowed in the drawing-room. 'Books make such a litter.' The man's dead."

The major portion of the book is occupied with his various escapades and his state of mind, and it constitutes a piece of psychology of which the author may well be proud, absorbing in interest; lightened, too, by abundant humour, and dialogue that is brilliant, but not unnaturally so. Helena Swayne, subtle, seeing right through the poor fellow, pungent and yet sympathetic, is a finely-conceived foil to the servant-girlish amours of the little Cockney Lizzie. "I wants yer just t' love me a little," Lizzie gulps. Helena, on the other hand, is an artist:

As the two glided back to Chelsea in a "taxi," Helena's pretty hand, ungloved, again lay near to Francie's knee. He hesitated long, his heart-beats choking him. . . . Perhaps she was thinking him an idiot for being so unenterprising! Horrid thought! He took her hand up softly, and it lay between his palms—almost, he felt, as if it wanted rest. Then she withdrew it gently.

"It's what I said," she told him, no emotion in her voice; "material things are all that people care for. No, I don't mean that's what you care for, boy! I mean that I may have been giving out my soul to you for hours (I haven't: don't you think it!) and not a cat would care. But if I let you hold my hand, they'd say I was a wicked woman. And my husband would decidedly object!"

We must not allow more space to the details of these "flirtations" that teach young Bewley so much and yet warn him so little against his nature; but the whole story is a fine, acute, and poignant study of a certain type of adolescence and its trials which will do much more than merely amuse. The reader who appreciates the author's evident sincerity will be inclined to thank her for having written it.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Adventures of Louis Blake. By LOUIS BECKE.
(T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

A RIGHT good share of adventure had Mr. Louis Blake, and a right good story has Mr. Becke made out of it, as might have been expected. From San Francisco to Cocos Island, where occurs an interlude of treasure-hunting, and thence to the author's chosen scenes amid the lovely coral islets of the Pacific Ocean, we follow the career of the young sailor and trader with the greatest of interest; nothing comes amiss to him—whaling, fighting, fishing, yarning, it is all fine sport and part of the excitement that makes

life worth living. We do not doubt that the greater portion of this book is a record of actual events, for Mr. Becke's name will be well known to our readers, and he writes with an unaffected style that gives a very real and natural touch to each incident in the fortunes of his hero. Boys will delight in the story, and the boys of a larger growth who crave for the welcome relief of a plain tale *sans* heroine and love affairs will not be inclined to set it down if once they begin to read. They will call to mind certain days when they were under the spell of W. H. G. Kingston and Captain Marryat, and they will not be sorry to experience the old charm again in a slightly more modern guise. The pure story of adventure that can interest a grown-up person is somewhat of a rarity in the present strenuous age, and Mr. Becke is to be congratulated upon his success; he revives that thirst for travel and that desire for the sea which all healthy boys suffer at least once in their lives, and he will give most of his readers a longing to visit those beauteous islands of the South Seas unfortunately set so far away "down under."

The Unbeloved. By ETHEL HILL. (Greening and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

THE writer of this novel is the possessor of a luscious and opulent style. Adjectives flock to her pen like birds to the call of the charmer. She is intensely melodramatically conscious of the artistic value of backgrounds. Every event must have its appropriate setting of natural scenery. When the heroine feels it necessary to betray the secrets of her *soi-distant* husband to an old acquaintance, we are gravely informed that "a bird on a rose-twig trilled out a song,"—"the connection of which with the plot one sees," to adopt Calverley. Miss Hill betrays a lofty disregard for the conventional rules of English grammar and syntax. She splits her infinitives recklessly and defiantly. "They had been talking about the materialisation of thoughts, and then had followed that startling phenomena," she writes, with blissful unconsciousness. Her knowledge of London topography would appear to be of the slightest. When Mary stood on Westminster Bridge, "meaning to walk along the embankment to Blackfriars, and then on to Drury Lane," she contemplated an absurdly circuitous route, since by turning down Savoy Street she would have saved at least half an hour.

The story itself need not detain us. A sentimental and neurotic girl falls madly in love with a man, about whom she knows nothing, save that he is a bully and a boor. At a word from him, she consents to share his home, dispensing with the formality of the marriage-bond. When it turns out that the man is already married and a notorious thief to boot, she considers that she has a right to complain. The novel closes with the suicide of the thief, and the birth of the woman's baby. It is a wantonly offensive and unpleasant story, and there are certain details in it which, we assert, quite frankly, a woman ought to be ashamed to have written.

The Heart of a Gypsy. By ROSAMOND NAPIER. (Duckworth and Co., 6s.)

IF we concede that an eminent London surgeon at the age of thirty-nine, accustomed to the world and its ways, would on a holiday fall in love with a beautiful, rather uncanny, and entirely uncultivated gipsy girl of eighteen, and bring her to his town house as his future bride, we can settle down to enjoy this clever and thoughtful book; but the concession to probability is a large one. However, the study of this untamed child of Nature suddenly transported to

the restrained atmosphere of the big city, where she must learn to dissemble and to be polite with people whose very proximity she detests, is a very consistent piece of work, and in the interest of it we lose sight to a great extent of the questionable basis upon which it is constructed. An element of fantasy is introduced by the curious psychic relationship of the girl with the beech-tree under which, as a baby, she was abandoned; it fills her thoughts, forms her consolation in distress, and at the last its doom is hers. It is a high compliment to a writer when the reader can say that this risky use of the occult is successful; in this instance it seems not at all absurd or incongruous. The conflict between the girl's passionate love for Nature, for open spaces, sun, wind and rain, and her love for the man, is excellently suggested. No permanent happiness could come of such an infatuation, of course, and the end of the story is inevitably sad.

The description of life at the old Somersetshire household is vivid and humorous; "Bunny," the parson's daughter, who writes her father's sermons and rebels comically against her cramped existence, is an especially delightful character. There are two or three blemishes on the quality of the book—the distinguished surgeon, for example, is fond of calling his sweetheart his "wild, shy Hind," and the simile is sometimes rather unfortunate:

"We will buy them, every one," he cried, with the recklessness of a boy in his 'teens. "Flowers for the shy, wild Hind to smell and munch till her sweet breath is sweeter still, to roll in, to trample down with her delicate hoofs if she wills. . . ."

This is sheer bathos. The author speaks of the "chicness of a Frenchwoman," which is by no means a pleasant mixture of languages. And she should not call "Widdecombe Fair" a Somersetshire song; it makes Devonshire people want to get up and throw things.

Lucius Scarfield. By J. A. REVERMORT. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

WHATEVER else it may be, "Lucius Scarfield" is certainly a monument to a man's industry. To write a book which, when printed, runs to 574 crowded pages, must have required no little courage. To read it demands a certain dogged and invincible pertinacity of purpose, which is likely, in this instance, to be its own reward. The reader who has displayed sufficient hardihood to be in at the death can hardly avoid asking, "Why was this written?" and, again, "What does it all mean?" To neither of these questions are we in a position to offer a satisfactory reply. Mr. Revermort describes this book as a "philosophical romance of the twentieth century." It might more fitly be described as a nightmare in five spasms. The world in which Mr. Revermort and his strange creations move is a world entirely remote from human experience. His characters are less men and women than human ghouls. Through all the sorry drama there runs a streak of evil, and the reader is never free from the noxious vapours of the charnel house. There are no commonplace moments, no restful interludes. A feeling of electricity is always in the air. The dialogue would have delighted Mrs. Radcliffe herself. This is the way in which one schoolgirl talks to another:

"Do not reproach me, or you will kill me here. Forgive me, forgive me! I knew not what I said. Without you, what had my life been? Without you, what will my death be? A light beyond the empyrean falls about me where you are; where you are not, all is ruin. You to die and I to live on? Madness comes round me again."

Mr. Revermort's style is unnecessarily complex. He has, it must be admitted, a fine feeling for words, but he is apt—as in the following sentence—to torture meaning to the verge of madness:

He had the sensation of flooding intimacies, and at times her essence, at war with his, seemed to conquer, and, enfolding it, to possess it utterly, intoxicating him with the feeling of being re-fashioned by the happiest hours, or by the creative joys which this woman had experienced amid scenes by himself unvisited, or in the company of the marble dreams of Hellas, by himself half-understood.

Frankly, we regret this book: the more so because there are ample indications that Mr. Revermort, if he chose to unbend his intellect to more mundane themes, might write a very creditable novel. As it is, we can only regard "Lucius Scarfield" as a melancholy illustration of the effect produced upon a certain type of mind by a too sympathetic study of Schopenhauer and the pessimistic philosophy of modern Europe.

AN OUTDOOR BREVIARY

I.

THE writer of these notes looked about him with no intent to find a key to the lock of this world. In Berkeley's Alciphron the objects of sight are offered as arbitrary signs "by whose sensible intervention the Author of Nature constantly explaineth Himself in the eyes of men"; but this spectator of the world looked no farther than its arbitrary signs. To draw pleasure from them was his gay science, and at first his whole aim was to call back the sun in winter when it did not shine, or to extend its short and weak shining season; and the aim of his self-discipline was to train the retentive faculties necessary to the reproduction of impressions, to habitualise the memory to repeat, on that sensitive glass where images of thought or sense are stamped, the sparkling freshness of first vision, to extort a permanent impress of beauty from those very figures whose charm is ephemerality. Presently he seemed to draw an inward and tranquil satisfaction, a message of the *admonitus locorum*, from the thing perceived; which seemed other than the simpler pleasure of the satisfied sense. Of this, the following notes are a record.

I will go out into the fields, for short self-heal grows among the grass.

Let the one object and business of existence be the sweeping the waters of Life with busy nets, in the hope of entangling some creature "of bright hue and sharp fin," and finding this piercing brightness and beauty not so much in seas as in creeping and hidden brooks, not in the prodigality, the climaxes of fine scenery, but in the familiar and compassed beauty of, say, bare spaces and thin-sown trees subject to light, of a country where is nothing salient or sudden, of the sun washing a jewelled knob of moss, in a poplar clapping its fresh leaves, with its *sonus desilientis aquæ*.

"Lift up thine eyes to the hills"; but not to the high mountains.

To-day the frost has yielded, and, in spite of savourless winter, the living earth can be smelt. The absence of odours is the worse side of a "hard" winter. We learn from Henry VIII.'s commissioners that one of the former abbots of the abbey of Boxley, in Kent, "pleasured much in odoriferous savours as it should seem by converting the rents of the monastery that were wont to be paid in corn and grain into gilly-flowers and roses." Let us honour the memory of the Abbot of Boxley.

We shall have snow in spring and a summer, maybe, which will be no summer, but, as Jean Paul says, a winter painted green; but this month the air has been as warm as milk, with winter gnats dancing up and down from the ditch to the sun. It is the February summer, the warm interval in the train of St. Valentine that comes between the January frosts and the March winds that hiss through the white blackthorns. "When the waters break from their enclosures, and well with joy and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within." Beneath the hedge the dead sorrel spires are dipped in rust, and the black fallen hawthorn leaves, the silver grass stalks, bleached by sun and dew, are a background to the pushing up of young grass, of the plantain and primrose crowns, the heart-shaped leaves of the celandine, the trodden chickweed by the gatepost. A dandelion is half-open by the roadside, and a pale-coloured, half-open speedwell and a pinkish-lilac ragged robin are spreading under the shelter of some bronzed-green brambles, while wild parsley lays its jewel-like green fronds here and there above the sallow grass, and the buff oak leaves that choke the ditch, and the grey-veined mat of ivy. A frond of hart's-tongue fern is brown at the tip, but the young fronds are shooting. There is a hollow near a stile in which hundreds of beech and oak leaves, of a wet and lustrous chestnut-colour, have settled so thickly as to cover the grass, and in the sandy field beyond a gorse-bush is sprinkled with five golden spots of bloom, and greenfinches start from the thickets where blackbirds and thrushes are singing.

It is a day of sudden rains; the sky clouds, then chinks of intolerable brightness appear in dark cloud-packs, which fill with a streaming haze of light that lengthens into fan-like water-carriers, drilling their long rows of rain into the earth. An eclipse of the pale-coloured sun, and the lenient rain falls in a spray as fine as sand. Then, like a precious gum, the sun wells out again and spills itself over the green-filmed stems of the tall elms in the hollow, each visible to the foot, and made individual in the plantation by the sudden brightness of their background. The cloud above the sun is frayed again, and now the sun hangs like a lamp above a crater-shaped cloud, and below in the intenser light the distant hillocks and down and pale-coloured fields begin to smoke.

When the shortest day recedes, there is triumph in the encroaching of the light, the enlargement of the light of lights, the "house of mirth." A burning pillar of fire both to be a guide of the unknown journey and a harmless sun to entertain us honourably.

The seasons and spots where light is most manifest have a peculiar attraction, the clear and desirable light in the morning, that almost too sharp precision of the protracted day before the warm veiled weather begins, the whiteness of the sky from whence light is issuing, mimetic water, the rain-varnished road, the sharp pebble in the wall, the light-splintering leaves of laurel and thistle. Did not a certain monk, Joachim, almost transfer his allegiance? One day he was preaching in a dark chapel—in almost complete darkness, for the sky was packed with clouds—when suddenly there was a break, a lightening, and the sun shines out in the chapel. He stops, and salutes the sun, and intoning the *Veni Creator*, "*Emmène son auditoire contempler la campagne.*"

A rough, high-shouldered pasture-field, patched with dock and faded rushes, where every tiny hillock and crowded mole-heap was sharply shadowed, while the light smote upon the grey dewdrops on their sunward side—large variable jewels, cold sea-green beryl, and gold, and red; and the same large lights moved upon the points of the sharp rushes, and varnished docks,

upon the purple-stemmed bramble in the hedge and upon the buff leaf melting into the hue of the earth it is to fatten.

How bright are the grass-bents! Their seeds have fallen, the last dregs of sap dried in them, but they shine like filaments of spun glass; they are rooted in the crannies of the long orange-spotted wall, which a film of water, bright and thin as a snail's trail, dapples. The blue sky flows over the long wall as a stream flows over a pebble, and in it the spark-like doves, flying high, shake the light from their mirror-like white breasts, and then, as they wheel with a sharp clatter, dissolve—sparkle and dissolve again. There is a spirit of life in everything, and in the very air "*aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.*"

When you stand on a hillside facing the low-hung winter sun, the racing and quarrelling larks in the fields below move like stars as they turn the reflection of the slanting rays upon their polished wing-shafts.

So, to a high-poised lark, those below must "shine and run to and fro like spark among the stubble," provoking him to swift descent. And so the "pretty aetheriall birds," as Aubrey calls them, were taken "by alluring them with a dareing-glass, which is whirled about in a sun-shining day, and the larkes are pleased at it, and strike at it, as at a sheepe's eye, and at that time the nett is drawn over them, while he plays with his glasse he whistles with his larke-call of silver."

How carefully we count the first steps of the two plants that show the earliest green in spring, woodbine with its greyish leaves, and the elder which puts forth its paired leaves, and between them the small brownish granular disc, the promise of that broad-faced wafer-like flower that will smell at the time "when all the ground is poudred as if it had been peynt, and where every flower casts up a good savour."

It is a day of wind, when the mounting rock is blown aside like a feather, a day of sun and snow, alternating as swiftly as the cloud-isles and cloud-streaks drawn by the wind on the downs. Now a flaring sun, set like a single jewel in the blue enamel of the sky between dull packs of cloud, and now a thin smoking veil that darkens until it has outwept its snow—just one or two granules, then semi-flakes the size of bees, then "blossoms" that flash and fall, and wink and hover and are over-past and renewed, and then cease before the sun. "*Il sera le mois de Mai quand il plaira à Dieu.*"

To Pan the city is as smoke to the nostrils, as vinegar to the palate. It is Pan of the promontories that wanders above the voices of the hedge-birds upon the brown shoulders of the hilltops, where the air is cold as metal, and where the blue bog-like springs soak out among the rushes and the sprinkled white flints, where the matted turf is patched with dry olive moss, and fine hair-like grass, and budded gorse and brittle heather; Pan that overlooks the sheep-fields, on which sheep are marked in silver spots upon the green slopes and ribbed swells sharp in the clear austere light; and whence their laments and the bark of an incessant dog rise to the hilltop. In the bright rushing of the wind in unencumbered places and uplands, the tinkling of the hollow gicks' pipe and dead grass among the brambles, its singing hiss among the dry needles of the pine, we hear the goat-footed piper of desolate places and "stony seats" making the music which is itself the charm and terror of things.

M. J.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair.

Mr. E. Mawley read his "Report on the Phenological Observations for 1908." The most noteworthy features of the weather of the Phenological year ending November, 1908, were the severe frosts early in January, the exceptionally heavy fall of snow and remarkably low temperatures in the latter part of April, and the marked periods of unusually wet and dry weather during the summer. In February and March wild plants came into blossom in advance of their usual time, but throughout the rest of the flowering season were more or less behind their average dates. Such early spring migrants as the swallow, cuckoo and nightingale made their appearance very late. The only deficient farm crop was that of barley. The yield of wheat, oats and beans was rather above the average, that of peas and hay very good, while the crops of turnips, mangolds and potatoes, taken together, were the most abundant for many years. The yield of apples was under average, and that of pears and plums much under average. On the other hand, the crops of currants, gooseberries and strawberries were almost everywhere unusually good. As regards the farm crops, this was the third good year in succession, although compared with 1906 and 1907 the yields in 1908, except in the case of turnips, mangolds and potatoes, were very inferior to those of either of those years.

Mr. W. Marriott read a paper on "The Cold Spell at the end of December, 1908." The weather during

From Everett & Co.'s List

NEW FICTION.

MRS. WHISTON'S HOUSE PARTY

By THOMAS COBB.

THE DEVIL'S ACE

By FERGUS HUME.

"A 'mystery' novel of the first water."—*Western Mail*.

FELIX STONE

By A. & C. ASKEW.

THE DEGENERATE

By FRED WHISHAW.

THE IRON HEEL

By JACK LONDON.

"The Iron Heel is a book for all to read, and its insight, large sympathy, clear reasoning, and high aims are in evidence in every chapter."

Pall Mall Gazette.

CHRISTIAN MURDERERS

By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

"A justifiable attack on those who seek to honour God by dishonouring His methods. . . . Miss Graham tells the story with charm and pathos."

Daily Telegraph.

BROTHER OFFICERS

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

"Mr. Wyndham at his best."—*Scotsman*.

"Mr. Wyndham always writes of military life as one who knows it, and his slight sketches of officers are happy and unexaggerated."—*Globe*.

London : EVERETT & CO., 42 Essex Street, W.C.

December was generally mild until Christmas Day, when a considerable change took place in the distribution of barometric pressure, and the weather assumed a wintry character. Gales occurred in many places and snow fell more or less over the British Isles during the following week. The most remarkable feature, however, was the intense cold which prevailed over the central and south-eastern portion of England from the 28th to the 31st. The temperature on the 28th did not rise above 25° over a considerable portion of the Midlands, while on the 29th it remained below 25° over practically the whole of England (except the south-western counties) up to within about twenty miles of the coast. On the 28th, 29th and 30th over the greater part of the country the minimum thermometer fell below 20° , while over a considerable area it fell below 10° on the 29th and 30th. At several places the lowest temperature recorded was about zero. At Berkhamstead the thermograph showed that the temperature remained below 25° for a period of fifty-eight hours—a most unusual occurrence. Mr. Marriott stated that the isobaric charts indicated that during this period there was a ridge or wedge of high pressure between two cyclonic systems, and that the conditions were thus favourable for the production of great cold. For the month of December the cold was very exceptional, as the only instances in the neighbourhood of London or at Greenwich in which the maximum temperature was below $25^{\circ}5$ for the day were the following: 1796, 25th, $19^{\circ}5$; 1798, 28th, $19^{\circ}5$; 1816, 22nd, $24^{\circ}0$; 1830, 24th, $22^{\circ}0$; 1855, 21st, $23^{\circ}2$; 1874, 31st, $24^{\circ}5$; 1890, 22nd, $23^{\circ}7$; and 1908, 29th, $25^{\circ}4$, and 30th, $23^{\circ}3$.

CORRESPONDENCE

"SCHOPENHAUER AND WAGNER": A REPLY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Oddly enough, four days prior to your last issue I had sent my publishers the matter for a new brief Preface—suggested by myself in a letter to them of two months earlier, but delayed in execution by a more urgent task only just completed—to replace the original appeal to my readers' sympathies with which, now somewhat out of date, at a time of great trouble and worry in every direction, I had bidden them *Auf Wiedersehen!* Perhaps this intimation may somewhat relieve the mind of your correspondent, J. T. Presslie (who must forgive me if I feel uncertain whether to say "Mr." or "Miss"), though I am unable to remove a "full-page photograph of his [my] little house in Surrey," which, for very good reasons, has never adorned Vol. VI., or any other volume, of my "Life of Wagner." My said new Preface opens with a word of congratulation to readers who are "rather late in the field"; I little guessed that I was on the point of confrontation with a reviewer in the same category, but must congratulate myself on the unusual experience, in these days of swift oblivion, that a work of mine should actually be criticised nearly eleven months after issue.

What I do regret, though, is that the critic of a special chapter in my Volume VI. should display so little acquaintance at first hand with the works of a philosopher for whom he (or she?) ventures to figure as champion. Echoing a voice I lately heard elsewhere, J. M. Presslie opines that "To speak of the disembodied Will in terms of Time is as ridiculous as to attribute the properties of sound to silence—to speak of a B flat Silence, or a Silence in A sharp!" Quite apart from Berlioz having characterised the love-scene in his "*Troyens*" as "l'expression de ce bonheur de voir la nuit, d'entendre le silence," and Wagner having described the orchestration of his "*Tristan*" love-scene as "the deep art of sounding silence"—both of which eloquent paradoxes your correspondent might have encountered in my Vol. VI. aforesaid—I must remind my newest critic that on page 35 (only four pages before my "very foolish speech on page 39") I had quoted from Schopenhauer himself: "True, we can carry out no idea of the above entirely without employing terms of Time. Such terms should

be excluded where the Thing-in-itself is concerned [according to his master, Kant], only it pertains to the unalterable confines of our intellect that it can never quite dispense with this first and most immediate form of all its operations"; and from the same philosopher again, page 37: "In this Will we, therefore, recognise the Thing-in-itself, so far as it no longer has Space, but merely Time, as form." J. T. Presslie may possess such a mental equipment as entirely to "dispense with this first and most immediate form of all our intellect's operations," but I confess to not having personally risen to so sublime a height that I can *think* without an elementary notion of Sequence.

There are other remarks in that letter in your issue for the 13th inst (the anniversary of Wagner's death, by the way) which I consider too offensive for more than a mere railing to the counter—e.g., "For these amendments in Wagner's own words we should have been grateful; possibly Mr. Ellis had them in his hands, and yet preferred to give us his own interpretations"; and "Then what a pity that Mr. Ellis and all the rest of us do not suffer from a similar eye-complaint," which might easily be met with the rejoinder, What warrant have you for assuming that Mr. Ellis does not? As for the immediately succeeding question, however, "Or was it that Schopenhauer would have been a philosopher in any case, but quite a different kind of philosopher if he had known no eye-strain?" I emphatically answer, Yes, and have proved it in that chapter of mine by the "rays of hope" that filtered into his "System" as advancing years brought that "assuagement of nervous troubles" which Herbert Spencer also recognised in his own person without knowing the physiological reason why. If anybody chooses to consider the advice to "hie you to the oculist" when suffering from "sick-headache, nerve-storms," and so on, "completely ridiculous," I can but pity that individual for being so behind the times (you see, I have still to speak "in terms of Time"); but I cannot think highly of his or her altruism, and am half inclined to revoke the sympathy I originally felt for the hopeless hash which a printer seems to have made of your correspondent's closing sentence: "The splendid translations Mr. Ellis has given us of Wagner's prose works render unhappy this lapse in the treatment of the Schopenhauer chapter all the more remarkable." Doubtless it attests my ignorance, that I am unaware of J. T. Presslie's claim to an authoritative verdict; but I may console myself with the reflection that an authority of such world-wide renown as Professor Wolfgang Golther has publicly recorded his opinion of that selfsame chapter thus: "Das erste Kapitel schildert Wagners Weltanschauung in ihrer Verwandtschaft mit Schopenhauers. Voran steht der Tod des Hundes Peps, die tiefe Liebe Wagners zum Tier, die gerade in diesem Fall durch besonders zahlreiche und schöne Briefstelle bezeugt ist. Und von diesem Mittelpunkt aus erwächst die Religion des Mitleids, die schliesslich Schopenhauers Pessimismus zu überwinden vermochte. Ich kenne keine Darstellung, die so klar und anschaulich die wesentliche und grundlegende Einstimmung zwischen Wagners und Schopenhauers Gedankenwelt heraushebt, gleichsam uns wissend macht durchs Gefühl, nicht durch leere Begriffe."

WM. ASHTON ELLIS.

Brighton, February 16th, 1909.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you allow me, after thanking you for the kind and, on the whole, appreciative notice of my little book, "Church Principles for Christians," to refer to one point raised by your reviewer.

I suspect that we are *au fond*, in agreement, or should be if we came to define our terms, but, as he says that my plea for "private judgment" seemingly "vitiates everything for which" I have "been contending," pray permit me to say that the review in question recognises the right of duty of such judgment. Your reviewer appeals throughout to the private judgment of his readers. And he is dealing with questions of dogmatics.

The fact is, we cannot, do what we will, divest ourselves of this prerogative. I can neither accept nor reject your reviewer's contentions without its exercise.

But this does not mean that every man is to construct *ab initio* his own creed.

JOSEPH HAMMOND.

[We are glad to find that there is, after all, very little difference between Canon Hammond's position and our own. Of course, it is true that in one sense we all exercise the faculty of private judgment. For if a man entrusts his conscience into the keeping of a Church he must first satisfy

himself with regard to the credentials of that Church, and this necessarily involves an act of private judgment. His submission once made, however, his "private judgment" has nothing further to say in the matter. He has decided for the principle of authority, and what the Church imposes, that he is bound to accept. That is the Catholic position and it is the only logical position that can be taken by those who believe, as all Anglicans profess to believe, that their Church is Catholic and Apostolick.—EDITOR.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We are honestly reluctant to avail ourselves further of the opportunities for gratis advertisement provided by THE ACADEMY and its correspondents. We will at least be brief, and deal only with the particular rulings laid down by W. McC.; our logic, scholarship, politeness, golliwogism, Covent Gardenism, obvious badness, and notion that brackets are legitimate or not according to context, must take care of themselves. The first two rulings are evoked by our sentence, "But we have considerable hopes that no one else has been deceived." (1) "Hopes" is not good English. . . It is on a par with "We have considerable faiths that . . ." The Oxford English Dictionary, s.v. *hope*, after defining it as, among other things, "Expectation of something desired," adds by way of note:—"c. in plural; often in singular sense, esp. in phr. *in hopes*," and quotes among its examples:—"Great hopes were entertained at Whitehall that Cornish would appear . . ."—Macaulay.

(2) "'Deceit' is not in question; therefore 'deceived' is not the proper word." The O. E. D. gives, s.v. *deceive*:—"2. To cause to believe what is false," with, as one example:—"Wolsey . . . was too wise to be deceived with outward prosperity."—Froude. And, s.v. *deceived*, it offers *misled* as a synonym. Your correspondent's error is the elementary one of assuming that there is always absolute parallelism between all senses of words etymologically related; the same line of argument would forbid us to describe as enormous an animal that was innocent of enormity. The third definite ruling is that "'seduced' into buying a book is not good English; *induced* is the word." Rather, it is a word, and one for a different thing; *to seduce into doing* is to induce to do by misrepresentation or temptation—the sense that we happened to require.

THE AUTHORS OF "THE KING'S ENGLISH."

[The authors of "The King's English" must not confuse the opinion of THE ACADEMY with that of its correspondents. We have stated that *The King's English* is not always a reliable guide, and this statement we are prepared to substantiate from the book itself. But that is not to say that it is a worthless book or that it is not interesting and stimulating and on the whole a valuable book. All we maintain is, that it is not infallible.—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Personal Recollections of Wagner. By Angelo Newman. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Edith Livermore. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION

The Dream and the Woman. Tom Gallon. Paul, 6s.
The City of the Golden Gate. E. Everett-Green. Paul, 6s.
A Poached Peacock. Sir William Magnay. Ward Lock, 6s.
The Pilgrim's March. H. H. Bashford. Melrose, 6s.
Transplanted Daughters. Mrs. Burton Harrison. Unwin, 6s.
Nightshade. Hoy Horniman. Sisley, 6s.
The June Princess. Constance Smedley. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

REFERENCE

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